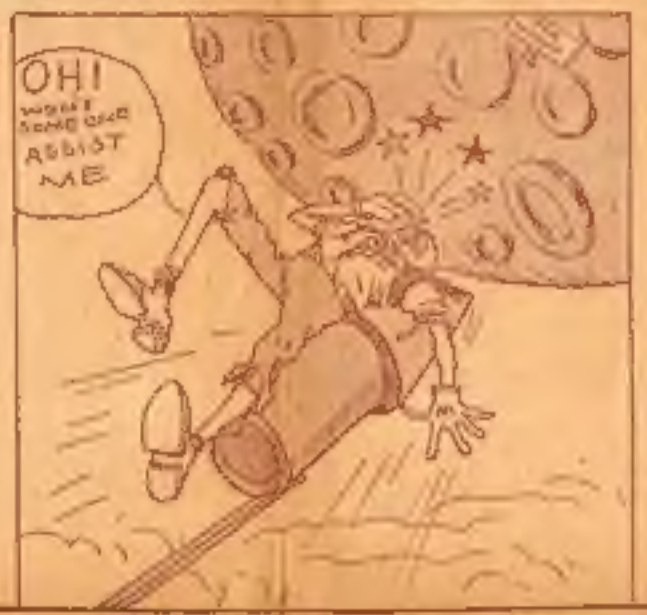
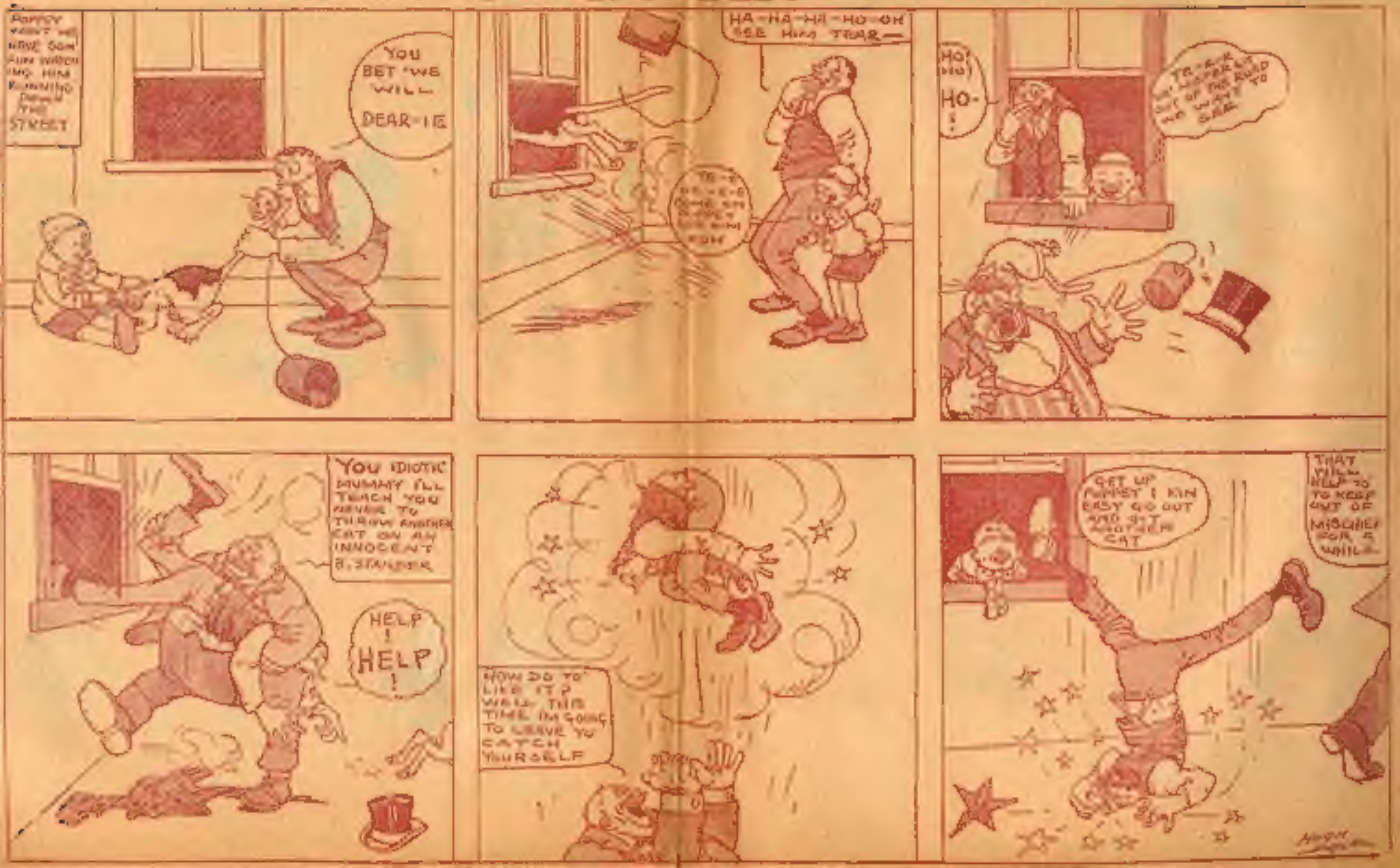
JOHN - POOR JOHN BY HUGH DOYLE

I'VE GOT FIRE WORKS
YES SIREE ALL THROUGH WITH THEM
THROWING THEM AWAY— WELL I'LL TAKE THEM MY LITTLE BOY WILL BE THRILLED TO HAVE THEM



JOHN - POOR JOHN BY HOOK DOYLE


POPPY WANT ME HAVE SOM' FUN WITH ING HIM RUNNING DOWN THE STREET
YOU BET 'WE WILL DEAR-IE
HA-HA-HA-HO-OH SEE HIM TEAR—
HO! HO! HO-!
YOU IDIOTIC MUMMY I'LL TEACH YOU NEVER TO THROW ANOTHER CAT ON AN INNOCENT B. STANDER
HELP! HELP!
HOW DO YO LIKE IT? WELL THIS TIME IM GOING TO LEAVE YO CATCH YOURSELF
GET UP PUSSY I KIN EASY GO OUT AND GET ANOTHER CAT
THAT WILL HELP TO KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF FOR A WHILE

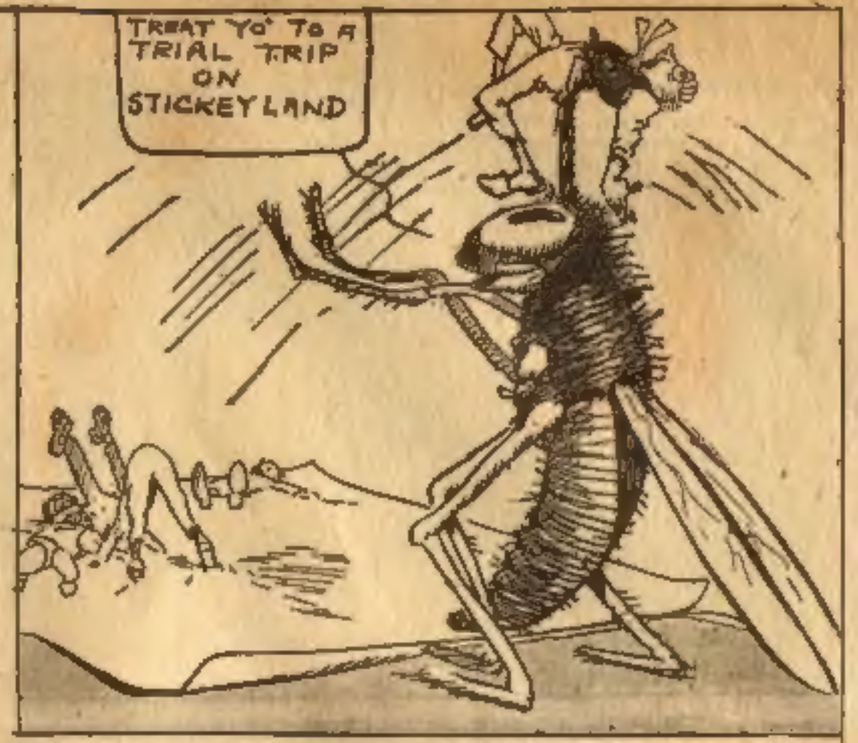
JOHN— POOR JOHN. BY HUGH DOYLE.

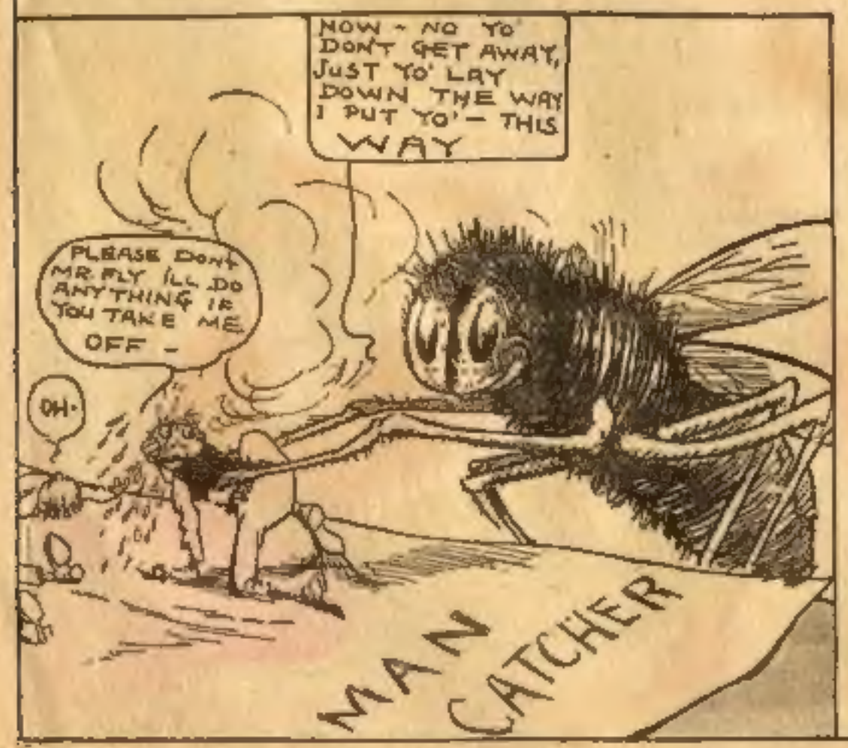
YES LITTLE ANGEL BUT PUPPET MUST READ HIS PAPERS
TO COULD
YES DARLING BUT PUPPET HASN'T PLAYED BLIND MANS BUFF SINCE A BOY
FUNNY
501
ON! SOAP-SUDS.

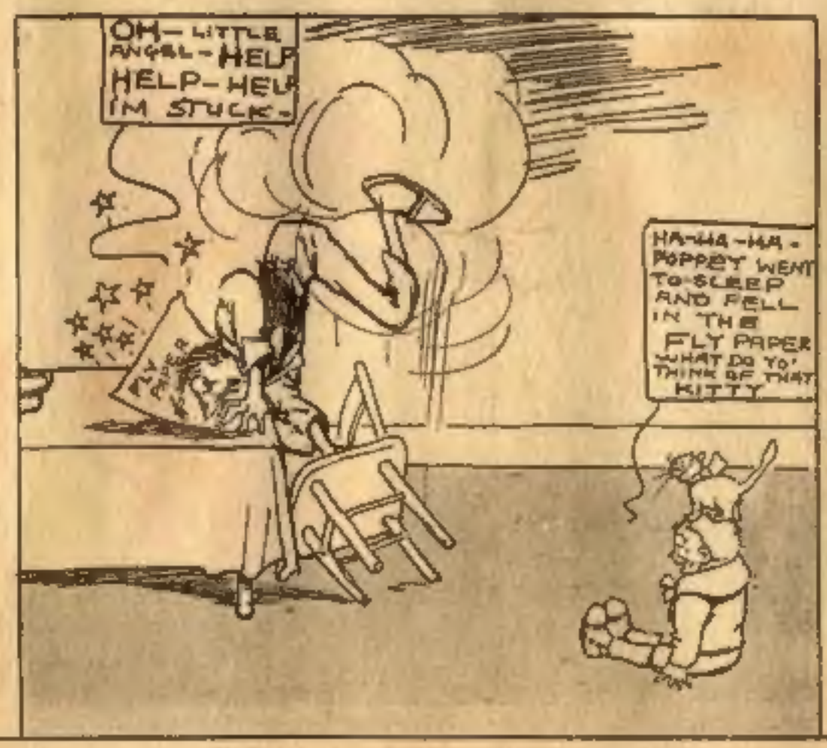
JOHN— POOR JOHN. BY HUGH DOYLE.

HERE POPPY I WANT YOU TO EAT THIS APPLE HOW MANY DO ELSE ILL CRY BOO - HOO
LITTLE ANGEL — POPPY DOES NOT EAT GREEN THINGS AS YOUR POPPY HAS A SWAY WEAK STOMACH
ANY THING TO KEEP PEACE IN THE FAMILY
LAY ALL OF IT POPPEY
WOO— OOOF F-F
DONT KILL THOSE FOLKS TO HEARD ME
SKI— RIFF OWYO
POPPEY THAT APPLE MUST HAVE PINS IN IT EH?
SAY — TELL ME WATS THE MATTER WITH MY POPPET?
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE
YES SIR.
JOHN! JOHN! JOHN.

JOAN - POOR JOAN. BY HUGH DOYLE.




NOW - NO YO' DONT GET AWAY, JUST YO' LAY DOWN THE WAY I PUT YO' — THIS WAY
PLEASE DONT MR FLY ILL DO ANYTHING IF YOU TAKE ME OFF -
OH.
MAN CATCHER



I HAD THE MOST HORRIBLE DREAM — OH DARLING PLEASE DONT PULL IT SO HARD
POPPEY IN WINTER TIME WHEN THE FLIES HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WHY DON'T THEY INVENT SOMETHING TO KEEP THEM FROM BEING CAUGHT ? THEY MUST BE A LAZY BUNCH EH ?
FLY PAPER
HUGH DOYLE